Supplements Nos. 102 and 103 May, 1908

"IN THE NICK OF TIME"

A melodrama of romance and daring in the Kentucky Mountains

Code Word; NICOTIME



"NOT YET BUT SOON"

A most comical contrast. Code Word; YETSOON

THE SELIG POLYSCOPE CO.

45-49 E. Randolph St., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF

"IN THE NICK OF TIME"

Bessie Barton, a young girl of the Kentucky Mountains, is flored and courted by Robert Clayton, a wealthy young man from the blue-grass district.

Jack Martin, a mountaineer, is also in love with Bessie and resents Clayton's attention to the girl.

The girl lives alone in a cabin situated on a bigh crag in the mountains, and for her protection there is a small drawbridge suspended from a sturdy oak, in front of her door, which, when raised, makes her home inaccessible. Here, the orphan girl grows into magnificent womanhood.

Clayton is proud of his sweetheart and decides to introduce, to her, his blue-grass friends. He prevails upon a number of them to accompany him to the girl's lonely homend the grown into magnificent womanhood.

Martin, the joslous mountaineer, determine to kill his rival. As Clayton and his friends are leaving, he appears, with murder in his heart; but, in his blind rare, he falls notice that Bessie is watching him in her anxiety and hope for the safe departure of her sweetheast and his friends. The villain raises his rifle, to bring his rival to the earth, but the girl springs against him and diverts his aim; then severely subraids him, discows his acquaintance, and bids him feave her. On her way to the party, Martin halts the girl and trys to prevent her going. She hashes her home and feaves him mutering bitter curses. When Bessie arrives at the party, Clayton introduces her to his aristocratic friends. The ladies laugh at her rustic appared and decline to recognize her. The scene closes with Clayton's assertion that an insult to the ravels by conforting the abused girl.

We next see a gang of laborers carrying dynamite from a shed to a near-by cut, preparationy to blasting the way for a new railroad. With jealous range still smoldering in his heart, Martin comes upon the scene, steals one of the bombe and desparat with the intention of destroying his rival's proquerly. We see Bessie return to her mountain howe - to again find her unselected mountain lover waiting to make a last appeal. S

ful rival approaching and prepares to kill him. Clayton arrives and climbs the rock steps toward his sweetheart's cabin. Martin approaches and covers him with his gun, orderine him to throw up his bands and say his preyers. Young Clayton, though facing sure death, tolk Martin he is a coward to shoot an unarmed man. Martin's better nature yets the upper hand of his lealousy; he lays aside his gun and knife, declaring they are now equal. It is two hundred feet to the rocks below, and may the best man win. After a force strangels his superior strength gives him the advantage and Clayton is knocked down, fulling insensible at his gival's feet. Martin calls to mind the dynamite bomb he has stolen and decides the will be better to destroy the man, himself, than his property. He lights the these and lays the dynamite stick by his enemy. But the spirl might rescue him or be hurled to death with him. His rifled the rope! it is an easy matter with his deadly aim to remove that possibility. The bridge falls, the bomb is fusing, and Martin quickly degards, satisfied that the dynamite will remove all trace of the cvirue he intends to coramit. Teport of his rifle brings Beasle to the door; she takes in the situation at a glance, starts to be down the bridge to go to her lover's massistance—it is gone; but the rope is there. Must also see him die? Not the rope to grasp iff awing across to the ledge, run to the belpless man, and throw the hissing stick of dynamite into the ravine far below. Just In the Nick of Time, this thrilling rescue is accomplished by the braw to bridge in her airms and as a great smoke rises from the chasm below, we leave them to that future that is always kind to brave and true hearts.

"NOT YET BUT SOON"

Scane in a crowded street-car. A young woman enters. A heart-smasher offers her his seat-she is good looking: then he poses as a hero. Presently she starts to get off. He smothers the atmosphere with earness and hows and offers to carry her suitcase. She declines. A difference between them. Everyone interested.

We next see them alight from the car. He insists. She sees no alternative. He accompanies her to her home. As

he lingure, in sinch gusto at the girte, the young woman's husband comes out of the house. Immediately Mr. Gallant is roughly handled.

But our Nero thinks of a way to get even. He goes to an employment agency and hires a victim: a young woman of fair appearance. He tells her she is to work at his enemy's hereas; himself, however, posing as the owner of the house. Her heart is light. Then the foay smasher, sends a boy with a note into the house, telling his enemy to come out and meet a dear friend. Mr. Gallant then ushers the young woman, of his employ, to the front steps and tells her to wait a second while he, himself, hides behind a high Fence.

His enemy comes out to see who said the note. He finds no one except the girl, and ansarily demands an explanation. She almost faints. He has to support her. Mr. Gallant sends the boy in to tell the mark wife the woman he admired. She comes forth and finds "her's only" holding apparently caressing another. Big trouble is the consequence. The wife repays the husband for the same offense for which ahe was mistaken - much to the entire satisfaction of our Nero: who laughs with the rest of us - "fit to split."

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